

The Strange Talent of Luther Strode
Issue One/Draft Three
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Page One

Tradd – These next three pages are a kind of fast forward, so the Luther we'll be (sort of) seeing here is the bulked up, superpowered version. The idea with these pages is that we're seeing Luther in bits and pieces. If you've seen The Professional (with Jean Reno and Natalie Portman) we only see Leon in the beginning in shots that only show part of him. We get a sense of him but not a good look. Same with Luther here. And no, I don't usually 'talk' quite this much. Of course, I'm going to do it again on the next page.

Panel One – Luther from the shoulder down to mid waist. He's wearing black, and there are seven bullet holes in his chest. His black gloved hand is touching one of the bullets holes, which are bleeding. His hand and sleeve are covered in gore. Not his blood.

CAPTION

My name is Luther Strode, and I was
just shot seven times in the chest.

Panel Two – A view of the gloved hand from Luther's POV, looking at his palm, his fingers, they are covered in way more blood than is coming from his wounds.

CAPTION

It hurts.

Panel Three – A skinless view of Luther's chest, where we can see that the bullets are caught in his large muscle.

CAPTION

I know the bullets are caught in my
muscles.

Panel Four – Luther hunched over, seen from the side, growling in pain.

CAPTION

I know that's impossible. I also know

that I can do...

Panel Five – Close on Luther’s chest, as the bullets push themselves back out. We can see the bottom of his mask.

CAPTION

...this.

Panel Six – The bullets hits the floor, bouncing, at Luther’s booted feet. There is blood covering the floor, and what is probably a loop of intestine.

CAPTION

My name is Luther Strode, and I have
certain....

Page Two

Tradd – This page is going to be laid out as two page spread. Basically, I’m seeing the first panel as a huge two page panel that takes up about half or three quarters of the page vertically, with the rest of the panels below it.

Panel One – A roomful of dead people. A big room of really, really, thoroughly dead people. A large living room area, with a couch, some chairs, a big screen television, the rest. This was a drug dealer’s den, so feel free to toss in some other stuff. The room, like the people in it, is seriously fucked up.

There are six or seven people in the room, and they have been torn apart by Luther. All men, all in their early to mid twenties. He’s literally torn them apart. Arms torn out of their socket and jammed down throats, jaws punched off, people kicked in the groin so hard their crotch is now equal with their nipples. Blood everywhere, organs strewn. Guns and knives in hand. Luther should be to the left of the panel, still not full seen to the reader, but getting a better view of his size.

CAPTION

...talents.

Panel Two – Luther’s fist tearing off the jaw of one of the mooks.

Panel Three – Luther tearing off both a dude’s arms, blood geysering.

Panel Four – Luther jams one of the arms down a dude’s throat.

Panel Five – Luther bashes another guy’s head off with the remaining severed arm.

Panel Six – Luther kicks a guy in half, as the man fires his gun at Luther.

Panel Seven – Luther dispatches the last guy by, as mentioned before, kicking his crotch up to his nipples, the man’s intestines and organs popping up out of his mouth.

Page Four

Panel One – The Hercules manual in Luther’s hands. It was covered in a brown mailing wrapping, half torn off. We’re back to pre super powered skinny Luther here.

CAPTION

It all started with a book.

CAPTION

Dude, I cannot believe you bought that.

Panel Two – Luther and his best friend PETE, standing in the lobby of an apartment building, near the mail boxes they just checked. Luther holding the half unwrapped book, PETE looking at it.

LUTHER

I can’t believe it came.

Panel Three – Luther and PETE walking up the stairs.

PETE

You really think this is going to help?

LUTHER

I don’t know. I have to do something.

Panel Four – Luther and PETE in the hall. PETE has dropped into a boxing crouch and is throwing a shitty looking jab. PETE has lots of energy, but not a lot else.

PETE

Man, I can't wait to see you kicking Jacobson's ass.

LUTHER

I'd settle for him not kicking my ass. I've had my fill of that kind of thing already.

PETE

Still. WHAM. It'd be nice to those jackasses get what's coming to them.

Panel Five – Luther and PETE at the door, Luther knocking. The door has four locks on it.

SFX

Knock knock knock.

LUTHER

Mom, it's me!

PETE

Has she gone out yet?

LUTHER

No. Just...don't saying anything stupid.

PETE

Me? I'm hurt, man. You wound.

Panel Six – The door creaks open, a little. PETE and Luther have their back to us, and we can see the door open a crack, Luther's Mom, Renee, looking out over a security chain. We can only see one eye.

RENEE

Hi, honey. Hi, Pete. Hold on.

Panel One – Luther’s Mom, standing by the door as Luther and PETE walk in. She’s pretty young, actually, and not bad looking. Thirty five, dark hair, decent build. Her right wrist and forearm are covered in a cast. Her whole posture is defensive and meek. He’s spent the last sixteen years or so being abused, and it’s left a mark.

PETE

Do you know how your son treats me? It’s like he doesn’t even love me. And after all I do for him.

LUTHER

DUDE!

PETE

Ah, she knows I’m just kidding.

Panel Two – PETE and Luther down the hall, Mom in the foreground.

RENEE

I never listen to Pete anyway.

PETE

See!

Panel Three – Luther and PETE in Luther’s room. Small room, bed, desk, clothes on the floor, posters on the wall. PETE flops down on the bed while Luther puts the Hercules method down on the desk. There’s a full length mirror, and

PETE

So are you going to hook up with Petra?

LUTHER

Definitely. Tonight...

Panel Four – Luther looking in the mirror, flexing little muscles. He is frowning at his non muscles.

LUTHER

...in my dreams. My wildest, wildest dreams.

Page Six

Panel One - PETE on his back on the bed, looking at a comic book.

PETE

She's totally into you, man. I'm telling you,
you could totally hit that.

Panel Two - Luther and PETE

LUTHER

Yeaaaaah, you know I'm not sure I'm going to
take love advice from a man (and I used the
term loosely) who has never actually talked to
a girl...

PETE

I've talked to girls!

LUTHER

...he wasn't related to.

Panel Three - Luther deflated from looking in the mirror PETE visible
in the background

PETE

Too harsh!

LUTHER

I don't know, man. I just need to make a change.
I need to find something, you know?

Panel Four - Close on Luther pulling out The Hercules Method.

CAPTION

Something that will change everything.

Page Seven

Panel One - Luther, in his boxers, is sitting in the Lotus position, eyes closed, thumb and fore finger touching. Standard yoga pose.

CAPTION
Excepts from The Hercules Method

Panel Two - Luther in the same pose, rolling his eyes.

LUTHER
Jesus, this is stupid.

Panel Three - Luther doing a tai chi pose, still in his skivvies.

CAPTION
The key to the Hercules Method is to focus
your, mind, body and spirit towards one goal.

Panel Four - Luther doing pushups.

CAPTION
By bring all three into alignment, the
physical enthusiast can bring all of
them under conscious control

Panel Five - Luther with his hands pressed together in front of him, what muscles he has standing out.

CAPTION
Such control is the key to change.

Panel Six - Luther looking in the mirror at his still meager physique.

CAPTION
Extraordinary change.

LUTHER
Terrific.

Page Eight

Panel One - Close up on a grinning, drooling mouth. Several of the teeth are missing, and there seem to be leather straps around the mouth. This is one of the Bound, the rulers of the cult that the Librarian is a member of. Basically, these dudes have become so kill

crazed that they have to be chained and bound for all time so they don't kill everyone. This particular bound one is Cain.

CAIN

Nghh.

Panel Two - Closer, as Cain's tongue probes around a tooth.

CAIN

Heh

Panel Three - The tongue works the tooth to the side, pulling it loose.

Panel Four - The tooth lies on the tongue. Tendrils of drool, nice and disgusting.

Panel Five - The mouth closes.

Panel Six - From the side, as Cain spits the tooth out with rocket like velocity.

SFX

Ptoo.

Page Nine

Panel One - The tooth goes right through the head of a young dude, popping right through his eye. He looks a little surprised.

SFX

Sqoork.

Panel Two - The dude, who is fairly fairly muscular and dressed in plainclothes, falls, a large bowl of gruel sloshing everywhere. Behind him we're looking at the legs of the Librarian.

LIB(OP)

You do realize, of course....

Panel Three - The Librarian, looking down with mild distaste at the dead dude, idly poking him with a foot.

LIB
...we only have a limited supply of
those.

Panel Four - From behind the Librarian, where we get a good look at the Bound. There are five of them, and they are bound spread eagle to the wall, chained and strapped in so tightly that they can't move at all. Go wild - these are guys so dangerous that they can kill with teeth and fingernails.

LIB
To say nothing of your teeth.

Panel Five - Cain smiles, more or less.

CAIN
Heh. He should have learned to duck.
Did you come here just to chastise my
personal habits, Librarian, or do you have
something to say?

Panel Six - Close on the Librarian. He is smiling.

LIB
As it happens, I do. I have located a
candidate. One with great...

Page Ten

Panel One - Close on Luther as the dinner table, his cheeks stuffed to bursting with food, trying to shelve more in, steak on his fork. He should look fairly ridiculous.

CAPTION
...promise.

LUTHER
Is there any more?

Panel Two - His Mom, standing at the sink, holding a plate, looks fairly incredulous.

MOM

More? You've had three plates of steak and eggs. And, apparently, a tapeworm.

Panel Three – Luther is digging in the fridge, upper body hidden behind the door.

LUTHER
I'm just starved. Maybe it's the exercise.

Panel Four – He stands up with a carton of milk in one hand, and the orange juice in the other.

LUTHER
Ah, there we go.

Panel Five – His Mom is putting a plate away with her injured hand.

MOM
Are you going to—oh use a glass for
pete's sake.

Panel Six – Luther is chugging the orange juice and the milk at the same time, held high above his head, pouring them straight down his throat.

LUTHER
Mgamumble.

Panel Seven – Small panel, close on Luther's eye. This going to indicate some aspect of Luther's heightened awareness. The next panel will be from his POV. I'm going to use this a couple of times, as Luther's transformation allows him to predict physical action as well as see people as their weak points.

Page Eleven

Panel One – Close on his Mom's hand, putting the dish away. We see a ghost version of her hand beside the real one, the plate slipping.

Panel Two – The orange juice and milk hitting the floor, landing on their bottoms but splashing out of the top from the impact.

Panel Three – The plate slips from Mom’s hand, matching the ghost image we saw before.

MOM
Shi--

Panel Four – Luther catching the plate about half down to the floor.

Panel Five – Mom looking surprised, still in the same position.

MOM
--t

Panel Six – Luther with the plate, in a kneeling crouch.

LUTHER
Whoa.

Page Twelve

Panel One – Luther standing up with the plate, handing it to his Mom.

MOM
When did you learn to do that?

LUTHER
I don’t know.

LUTHER
But it was awesome.

Panel Two – Behind them, someone pounds on the door. Loudly.

SFX
BOOM BOOM BOOM!

Panel Three – Luther’s Mom visibly, recoils, her eyes wide, getting into a defensive posture. Luther reaches outwards.

LUTHER

Easy, it's just Pete. School?

Panel Four – His Mom relaxes, but she unconsciously starts rubbing at her cast. Luther's Dad used to be the crap out of them, and she's still nervous that he might find them again. So that's why she's freaked.

SFX
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

LUTHER
DUDE, QUIT POUNDING ON THE DAMN
DOOR!

Panel Five – Luther gives his Mom a hug.

LUTHER
He's not going to find us. Even if
he gets out.

MOM
I know that...I just...

LUTHER
You want me to stick around today?

Panel Six – Luther's Mom composes herself, goes into Mom mode. She's joking with Luther, though.

MOM
I swear Luther, you'll do anything to ditch
school. You probably had Pete do
it on purpose.

LUTHER
Maybe. You don't know. I mean...

MOM
You've missed fifteen days in two months
at this school. Go.

LUTHER
If you're...

Panel Seven - Luther gets shoved into the hallway where he nearly crashes into Pete. We can't see his Mom.

MOM(OP)
Go to school!

PETE
Hey, Mrs. Strode

Page Thirteen

Panel One - Establishing shot of a City school, students going in.

CAPTION
Dude, there she is. You gotta talk to her.

CAPTION
No, look...

Panel Two - Our first look at Petra as she puts her books in her locker. She's small and punkish, short spikey hair, dark. Cute, in a sinister pixie way.

CAPTION
Petra is cool, but....

Panel Three - Luther and PETE walking down the hall.

LUTHER
...I have to say the right things.

PETE
How about "Excuse me?"

LUTHER
What?

Panel Four - PETE gives Luther a hearty shove to the side as they walk past Petra.

LUTHER
Hey!

Panel Five – Luther crashes awkwardly into the locker right beside Petra. She’s looking at him like he just dropped in from outer space.

LUTHER
Ow, shit, I mean...uh...

Panel Six – Petra’s face, she raises one eyebrow, smiling a bit enigmatically. She looks genuinely amused.

PETRA
Yes?

Panel Seven – Luther looks confused, deer in the headlights.

LUTHER
Excuse me?

Page Fourteen

Panel One – An iPhone or something like it, being held up at arm’s length. We can see Luther slumping beside a pretty, petite punky girl. This is Petra. Luther looks awkward.

JACOBSON
Behold the nerd in its natural habitat as it attempts to mate.

Panel Two – Paul Jacobson, a big strapping Nordic looking blonde kid. Captain of all the sports teams, king of the senior class. He is holding the iPhone from the previous panel, filming Luther.

JACOBSON
Unfortunately its small, almost vestigial penis will prevent success.

Panel Three – Petra frowns. Luther just looks kind of meek.

PETRA
Says the expert on microphalluses.

Panel Four – Jacobson is frowning.

JACOBSON
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Panel Five - Petra takes Luther's arm, looks up at Jacobson.

PETRA
It means you have a teeny weeny peeny.

Panel Six - Jacobson looks pissed.

JACOBSON
I know what it means!

Page Fifteen

Panel One - Petra smirks.

PETRA
I'll bet you do.

Panel Two - She gets on her tippy toes, moving in to plant one on Luther, who looks mostly hapless and confused.

PETRA
Besides, Paul, you don't know...

Panel Three - She kisses Luther. His eyes bug.

Panel Four - Petra looks at Jacobson as she walks away. Luther and Jacobson in the background, both red faced, although for different reasons.

PETRA
...what a real man looks like.

Panel Five - Jacobson jabs his finger into Luther's shoulder.

JACOBSON
Don't think your girlfriend can get away

with that shit. This isn't over.

Panel Six - Jacobson stalks away. Luther looks. Confused.

Panel Seven - Close on Luther's face. Smitten.

LUTHER
Girlfriend?

Page Sixteen

Panel One - A dodgeball type ball smashes into Pete's face, distorting it from the impact, his visible eye going googly.

SFX
KATHUNK!!!

Panel Two - The ball bounces back into Jacobson's hand. He's dressed for gym, and they are all in the gymnasium. He grins an asshole's grin.

SFX
Boing!

JACOBSON
Bullseye.

Panel Three - Luther kneels down by PETE, who his sitting on his butt.

PETE
Every fucking time. Is my face still there?
I can't feel my face.

LUTHER
It's there. It's weird and puffy, but it's there.

Panel Four - Jacobson pulls back with the ball, getting ready to throw it at an unsuspecting Luther.

JACOBSON
I told you this wasn't over.

Panel Five – Jacobson chucks the ball straight at the reader.

Panel Six – Over top of the ball, blurring with speed, as it's about to hit Luther.

Page Seventeen

Panel One – Luther catch the ball one handed, palming it like basketball, without even looking.

SFX
THUNK

PETE
Oh shit.

Panel Two – Jacobson looks surprised.

JACOBSON
Oh shit.

Panel Three – Close on Luther's eye. The Luther vision shot.

Panel Four – We see Jacobson, all his potential moves laid out.

Panel Five – Luther throws the dodgeball with incredible force and power.

Panel Six – The dodgeball slams right into Jacobson's face, flattening his nose, two geysers of blood spurting.

SFX
Crrrnchhh.

Panel Seven – Luther looks like he can't believe it either.

LUTHER
Oh shit.

Page Eighteen

Panel One – A good sized cargo ship moves through black waters. In the distance, we can see the vague lights of the city.

Panel Two – A booted foot runs through blood, nearly ankle deep.

Panel Three – We see a shipmate, dressed in working clothes (think the guys on Deadliest Catch –flannel shirt, jeans, watch cap) running for his life down the passage way of the ship. He’s maybe thirty, stubbly, terrified.

Panel Four – He slams the door shut, spinning the uh, thing that locks ship doors.

Panel Five – He leans against the door, slide to the floor. There is blood on his boot and pants.

MATE
Please, please, please.

Panel Six – Above the mate, the door bulges out in the rough shape of a fist.

SFX
DOOOOOM!

Page Nineteen

Panel One – The mate goes scrambling forward as another dent appears in the door, the door bending forward under the strength of the blow.

MATE
No, no, no

Panel Two – The door comes crashing forward, hitting the mate.

MATE
Ahhhh!

Panel Three – From the point of view of the Librarian, looking at the mate, who is struggling to get out from the door, the Librarian's shadow looming over him. The Mate is in that same sort of blood and guts view we saw earlier with Luther.

MATE

Please.

Panel Four – The Librarian steps into passageway. He is wiping his hand on a rag, which is kind of funny because he is drenched in blood. He is wearing a cardigan and bowtie, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

LIBRARIAN

Oh, don't start begging now. You've made it three days. You should be proud.

Panel Five – The Librarian causally chucks the door aside, grabbing for the Mate, the rag casually over his shoulder.

MATE

Fuck you!

LIBRARIAN

That's the spirit. Now come along, I have much to do and ...

Panel Six – The mate being drug away, the Librarian dragging him by an ankle, his back to us. The Mate looks terrified, and his fingernails are scraping the floor. The Mate's face a silent scream.

LIB

...so little time left to do it in.

Page Twenty

Panel One – Luther is washing his hands, Pete standing there beside him. We're seeing their reflection in the mirror. Boy's bathroom, shitacular as you'd expect. No doors on the bathroom stalls.

PETE

He's coming back today, I heard.

LUTHER

Terrific.

PETE

I heard he refused to come back until he didn't look like a raccoon who lost a bar fight.

LUTHER

You 'heard' anything else, or can I get back to enjoying my last few minutes of life?

Panel Two - Pete and Luther head towards the door, Luther casually tossing his wadded up paper towel over his shoulder, off the mirror and into a trash can. He doesn't even notice.

PETE

You didn't have to come to school. I can't help it if you have a deathwish.

LUTHER

I'm not going to run away from a bullying asshole like Jacobson.

PETE

I will, if at all possible. Preferably before he -

Panel Three - The door slams open, and a pissed off looking Jacobson takes up most of it, two even large cronies right behind him. He has a mean smile on and his broken nose is taped up.

SFX

BAM!

JACOBSON

Hello, bitchfucks!

Panel Four - Luther holds up his hands, and Pete looks like he's going to piss himself.

LUTHER

Look man, it was an accident.

PETE
Dude, please...

Panel Five – Jacobson shoves Pete out of the way. He’s well inside the bathroom now, one buddy behind him, the other leaning against the door to keep it shut.

JACOBSON
Shut the fuck up.

Panel Six – Luther is backing up, hands out, placating.

LUTHER
I don’t want a fight.

JACOBSON
Don’t worry...

Page Twenty One

Panel One – Jacobson punches him in the gut, hard.

JACOBSON
...there’s not going to be a fight.

LUTHER
Ooooffff.

Panel Two – Luther doubles over, Jacobson looms over him.

JACOBSON
You think that was fucking funny?
Hitting me with the ball when I wasn’t
looking?

LUTHER
Hilarious.

Panel Three – Jacobson shoves him against the wall.

JACOBSON
I’m going to fuck you up so bad your

little bitch will need a barf bag to fuck
you.

LUTHER

Don't.

Panel Four - Luther's eye.

CAPTION

You.

Panel Five - Jacobson in meatovision

CAPTION

Talk.

Panel Six - Luther's clenched fist, tendons and veins bulging.

CAPTION

About.

Page Twenty Two

Panel One - Big panel as Luther unloads a massive punch into Jacobson's face. Jacobson's head twists around, nearly breaking his neck, teeth and blood flying, one eye half popping out of its socket. It doesn't kill him but it's damn close. This should be maybe a third or half the page, the rest of the panels small.

LUTHER

HER!

Panel Two - PETE, half stuck in a toilet in the stall, eyes bug out.

PETE

Holy Shit!

Panel Three - The nearest goon with his hands up, backing away.

GOON
(SMALL)

Holy shit.

Panel Four – The goon by the door vomiting.

GOON
GLLLLARRRGGGHHH

Panel Five – Luther, blood on his fist, looking crazy. Smiling.

LUTHER
Holy.

LUTHER
Shit.

END